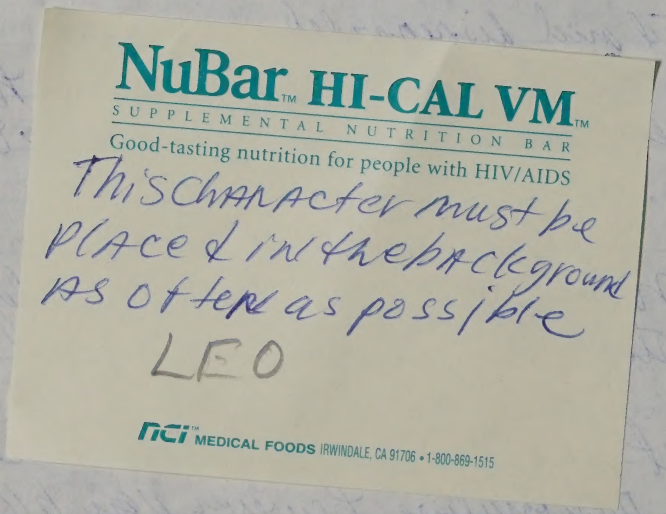
11/12/92

I want to be a vessel for your every pleasure
Use me, you must, hurt me if you can
I want to be in you, on you, around you, through you, have you in me, under me, near me
Handle me, you'll have no choice, the squeamish are devoured here →
Mutilated and disregarded
I want to be the fantasy you never had, Never even allowed yourself to imagine.

Pain is not a barrier here, merely a stepping stone to ecstacy

Prolong it if you must, discuss it if you will, rationalize however you please.


NuBar™ HI-CAL VM™
SUPPLEMENTAL NUTRITION BAR
Good-tasting nutrition for people with HIV/AIDS
This character must be
place d in the background
as often as possible
LEO
MCI™ MEDICAL FOODS IRWINDALE, CA 91706 • 1-800-869-1515

7604397

He came ashore on waves of confusion
in the high tide of despair
He invaded what had become for me a peaceful existence
He knocked on the door to my awareness by simply Noticing me.
He opened passageways to desires I thought no longer existed
I wanted to go further, wanted to explore more of this fire that burned inside of me
I opened up my legs to show him I cared
I opened them even wider to say I trusted him

NuBar™ HI-CAL VM™
SUPPLEMENTAL NUTRITION BAR
Good-tasting nutrition for people with HIV/AIDS

final
Leo's response to
his relationship
with Cortney

MCI MEDICAL FOODS IRWINDALE, CA 91706 • 1-800-869-1515

Stripped off my clothes,
every stich sock & shoes included
Run out into the motherfucking streets
all the way to the damn boulevard
Screaming to the top of my lungs
loud as hell like somebody stole my money
Freedom god dammit I want some motherfucking
freedom
Do you son-of-a-bitches hear me?!
Dont you bastards touch me, or the next
thing you feel will be piss, shit, or come
Now get your wet black, poor white ass,
slant eyed, hot breath asses outa my motherfucking
face
I want every Del Taco closed down and send
those no green card having, plastic flower loving
Mexican back cross the border
Blow up every one of those cat and dog selling
Korean owed Chinese restaurant
I want they no command of the English language
asses on first class flights back to they own
Counterfeiting ass country
Send those inbreeding, mongoloid looking, ass
selling, welfare getting poor ass crackers
back to the hills and outa public view

Turn the muthafuching Cubans around
KILL Fiedel Goddamnit!
Slaughter the whole pios ass wanna be
grand. cause they speak abroke ass French
Italian army → destroy the muthafuchers
Gather up all these monkey eating, so black they
blue, unpronounceable name, crusted feet, un-
spoiled ARFRIKA NIGEAHS up for detention
Car all these damn Loatian, Cambodian, Pakistanian,
Tanzanian, Austrian, Swedish, Arabian, Jamican,
Bahamian, Turkish, Madagascrian MUTHAFUCKA
up, gather they asses up they got go
And give these Goddamn Indian back they
land
Cause I done sit in, sat at, protested, marched
on, sold out, acted up, spoke out, spoke
to, lectured on to and about my muthafuching
Freedom til I's blue in my damn face
Until I get's my freedom and my peoples
Freedom these MUTHAFUCKAS gotta go!
Do you hear me! Amerika and all these
unamerikans Do you Fuching comprehend
I'm talking to all you wanne be WASP, would
be dead without black folk, power having,
money controling, swift talking stab you
in the back and call U NIGGER MUTHAFUCKER

7/26/95

Fuck You, yes Fuck you assholes, unresponsive under seige, unproductive under pressure, silent, self destructive, self loathing and downright cowardice Fuck You! You've raped and murdered innocent children, Exerted your brute strength on those weaker than you, in order to exorsise your impotence, violence sustaining your otherwise failed erection yes FUCK YOU. Racist / Homophobic / unCompassionate and envious yes Fuck You.

Fuck You

Your minds have cells reserved for storing theories that support misogny, xenophobia, geneocide, and the total persecution and eradication of anyone whose mirror image does not match yours, Your heart continually pumps blood riddled with the seeds of hate, greed and malice. FUCK YOU

I wait here @ the corner often
Waiting for the bus to take me away
Most times I have to wait, the
bus is almost never on time
Sometimes I'm running, literally down
the hill to get here before the bus goes
by
Then there are those days when it runs ahead
of schedule and I watch it zoom by
Too far away to catch

CLAIE HARRIS
DONALD WOODS
ARLIN RIGGS
SAMTT

When @ last I lay down and I am no more
? I can take with me the memory of a Lover I had.
When the ashes of my remains are scattered to the four winds
And the gentle breezes of spring carries me to a thousand lands
The news of the Love we shared will cover the land
It will bloom in fields of purple and Red, ~~and~~ Gold and green
Wild, like the flower I am, in full bloom
I, shall have lived and died and ~~our~~ Love will live on.

KARL

CHAE HARRIS
DONALD WOOD
MARLIN RIGGS
ASSATA SHAKUR

Power is all inclusive — everyone is included
Audre Lorde exhibited it.
The Network — the way in which we use info needs work

Welcoming table — designed to counteract competition between black writers

Understand who we are and where we all are or we will never see liberation. It is too easy to divided us
Secondary Consciousness looking @ each other through the white majority eyes

Joe Johnson
766-4397

Giving up (is it so hard to do) 1/26/94

I understand the look of loss, despair
that I see in my brothers eyes
It was not until I felt that loss that
despair in my heart that I understood
Given up totally (almost) on ever forming
a true bond, or ~~real~~ melting.
Jerking, sucking, fucking, ~~&~~ talking ~~one~~
another through convoluted orgasms
Promises, lies, all to inflate egos
What should be been one of lifes truly
memorable moments has become one
of its most ~~terrifying~~ ~~dangerous~~
deadly

By chance we met.
Two from different worlds traveling down the same road
Wanting the same thing out of life.
Doing through different Changes to get there
We were careless and let Love touch us
The toll and the debt still unpaid.
Unable to live with one another or without
We've forged a bond unbreakable, but none-the less painful.
One aimlessly wandering, one holding the torch

Come to me when all else fails
When there seems to be no way home
I'll be the doorway back to the Love that causes us so much pain
Suffer - together & least not alone

bottom of crack replaced SIMANDLE

We ~~stood~~ on the edge of a cliff
high in the hills of desolation
Such sulfurous winds rose high in the midnight sky
vile masses of a putrid substance spewed from our mouths
Winds rose high in the midnight sky
The air was thick ~~and~~ sulfurous barely breathable
Bodies battered weak worn and disease riddle trembled in the current of such foul breezes
Our bodies weak and worn, trembled in the current of such foul breezes

DO NOT USE THIS
Voices cried ~~out~~ from the pits of the lake
boiling below us
Voices of our children tossed ~~in~~ to their deaths
Rather than see them to weak to cry

Voices of our children cried out from the pits of the boiling lake below us
Scarificed as payment

We stood on the edge of a cliff
high in the hills of desolation

Winds rose high in the midnight sky
The air was thick and sulfurous barely breathe

Our bodies weak and worn, tumbled in the
current of such foul breezes

Voices cried out from the pits of the lake
boiling below us
Voices of our children towed to
their death
Rather than see them to weak to cry

Voices of our children cried out from the
pits of the boiling lake

It stood there in the midst of darkness on a lake of fire

No sounds being made, eyes focused ahead

We approached it mindlessly without thought

Souls in one hand / Our children in the other

Foresaking life recklessly we surrendered without a fight

our futures to the New World Order

The least was pleased but did not smile

~~There is a hurt in~~

NOV 16 86

There is a hurt in me that is a constant companion
It is a hurt that is so intense I no longer feel the pain it brings
There's just an empty hole somewhere a void
you might say
To feel the void, would mean, once again giving in to hurt, and actually feeling the pain again
That, however, is a task easy said than done
To receive love one has to give love
Something, I fear, I am incapable of.

June 13, 88

When all seems calm and tranquil
pain takes root
Now in a world of chaos and turbulence
Love pulls you through
Head spins, limbs weaken, the heart is exposed
Refuge is sought
Conversation repairs all that troubles you
for the moment
Something new around every corner
Regrowing is the thing to do
Into me & you; knowing that it were God's love
feeling much better now
For he can heal all that ails you - and he does

11/16/86

Suffering is such sweet sorrow
True, but as it becomes such a constant
in life it stifles the spirit
You become so accustomed to suffering
you never look for a way to bring the
suffering to an end.
Soon the suffering brings you to a
point where you begin to indulge yourself
in self pity - actually thinking that for
some reason the things that are happening
in your life to bring the suffering are unfair
to you - "Why am I being given all these
burdens?" Well, you are the reason, and
you alone have the power to bring about
the change to ensure your happiness.

Tuesday
8/24/93
3:15 pm

For black man who Love black men -> intimacy and its maintaince seems to be a very difficult task. Not entirely impossible but extremely difficult.

It's one of those things that makes you say "In a perfect World," but we are not in a "perfect world," we're in America. One of the most racist and homophobic Countries in the World.

A subculture of a culture, a minority within a minority, bottom of the totem pole and still surviving.

I said all this not to make excuses for the way we mistreat each other, but as a reason why should be kinder & comforting one another. It's also intended as a prayer for strength. Strength of convictions to make a decision stick by it and through all obstacles maintain my identity, my integrity and pride in Who and What I am.

TONY/MY Brother
Trey/MY Lover
TONY/MY Nigger
Trey/MY Shit
TONY/MY Stuff

Together
MY MAIN SQUEEZE

escalate
MY DICK Trey
MY ASS Tony
MY Reflection Trey
ME —TONY

escalate

Don't know of a time quite like this / Caught somewhere / not between a rock and a hard place / but more like lying between ground / and the foot of the man U love / A spot from which only you can pull away from / This situation has only one solution / if you are to hold onto your dignity / and keep your pride in tact / Get Out!

TRAVELING (Set to music)

down this road, I've been so many people rose to so many occasions, ran from a few. I've come thru the good & bad times and what has it made me, who is this person that I've become? What's her destination? what's his focus? Will they become one, will they know that they need to merge to survive. When will we know that in order to survive, we must give what we must have, loyalty, honesty, compassion, passion, time, and love. Nuturing one another as though our lives depended on it. Extending the Bonds of brotherhood to the fullest extent. Embracing All that we are, charting Destiny if necessary. Focusing on us; Black, Gay capable and willing.

NOV 12 94

Put into the vast universe of all that is
by a mere thought
Man and woman conceived you
Spirit spoke into the shell that is your body
and gave you breath
Flesh and bone worked in unison to animate
the you that walks upright
Your mind is the center, the link that holds
the key to all that you will ever be
Unlock the door, unriddle the beast
Those first 5 yrs of life are yours, run
quickly, keep your eyes open and do stop
to smell the roses
Traveling down the alleyways of hunger, pestilence,
disease, and greed
Remember that there is knowledge in all things
Good and Bad are only terms that man uses
to mask his ignorance
Knowing how to extract the nectar from
this flower will determine who you are
Keep to the path never abandon the journey

12/04

The memories ~~they~~ catapult through rifts in time
Brought back to a thousand situations,
forced to ~~look~~ stand @ the steps of familiar places
Peeking into the windows of places it no longer resides
~~Starts~~ out as loneliness / desire
Time added ~~to~~ / changes
Ends up as ~~loneliness~~ / ~~hate~~ anger / rage

Restlessness sweeps over him
like the tounge of an attentive Lover
His flesh crawls
Memories of happier times cloud
the clear view of his minds eye

~~Mth~~ My thoughts pace back in forth in my mind like a caged animal who knows its about to meet death. It knows nothing but kill or be killed.

My emotions lie here in me numb, like flowers after a hard freeze. Frozen to the touch but love feeling ~~only~~ life only deep within, waiting for a burst of light to awaken.

these will fit in between pieces

Aug 5 86

II

I will await
Touch me only if you feel the need
It has been so very long
The clock has no memory for those such as I
I have dreamed it was this way
To be continued

(512) 495 9177
MARETTA
BANKS

11/9/88

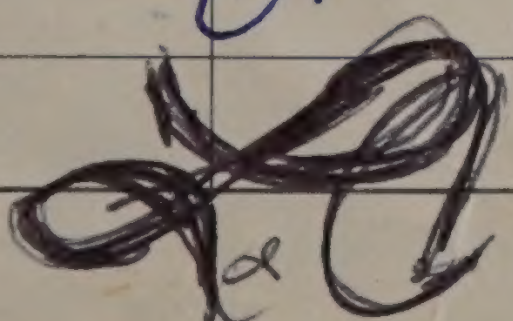
The need is so strong – its crippling
to be Loved
Denied the experience as a Child, want?
to be loved
Given the chance and spurned before
to be loved
Doesn't it just happen, never showing signs
or giving warnings
Catching you @ just the right moment
In the right phase of the moon, FULL
And the wrong state of mind, OPEN
No time to prepare for disappointment
or heartbreak
Your trust aimlessly towards that which
is inevitable – hurt
Attacked and mutilated by an emotion
far worse than physical pain
Your retreat – no trusting, but talking
anyway – to be free of things you
cannot contain for fear of them
killing you

Printed

LOVE I

Deep Dark Secret

Little brown boy
consume by
the passion to be
taken coming
out in a turbulent
times desire
for an obsession
for one



Thank You!

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1

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11

BR-47

Is it RAPE IF YOU COME manchas

Recovering from addiction to CRACK/
ALCOHOL/PILLS/SEX
Recovering from addiction to recovery

LONLELY NEEDING A FRIEND
HORNY WANTING SATISFACTION
ON YOUR TERMS
CARELESS/MISCALCULATED GLANCES
SWIFT MOVES ACCOMPANY UNNERVING ADVANCES
LARGE BLACK HANDS ENCIRLE the Neck

TEARS escape from the CORNERS OF HIS EYES
MUCH EASIER than AIR from HIS LUNGS

TERROR MAKES HIM FIGHT
STRONG LIMBS TURN AND PIN HIM
EMBARESSMENT STOPS HIM FROM SCREAMING
DONT WANNA SOUND LIKE NO BITCH

SUN STARVED SKIN MEETS COLD ENAMEL
MINDS RACE @ THE SEAMS
SEARCHING FOR CONTROLL

PANTS FALL
LEGS FORCED OPEN WITH EASE
SWEAT COVERS BODIES/INTENSITY PEAKS
PENIS FOCED IN TO THE HILT
IN ONE VIOLENT MOTION

TIME STOPS
CONSCIOUSNESS ALMOST LOST

SLAM / as BALLS VIOLENTY SLAP ASS CHEEKS
NO SOUNDS / NO WORDS FORMED

KNEW YOU WANTED A MAN
SOME REAL DICK UP THIS ASS
CALL MY NAME BOY / SLAM
NO SOUNDS WERE MADE

LIGHT / FORCES / SOMETHING UNDESCRIBBLE
UTTER FROM WITHIN
NOT DISTUINGISHABLE / NOT HUMAN

THE TIDE OF THOUGHTS ENRAGED HIM
GAVE UP GAVE IN LOST IT

THE ENAMEL GOES Frigidas A rinse cycle begins
RISING SLOWLY The PAIN is CRIPPLING HIM
LOWERING EYES TO A NOW ERECT DICK
CUM COVERS THIGHS

Excitement / PAIN / CONFUSION / PAIN / Delirium
PAIN
WONDERING ONLY ONE Thought
IS IT RARE IF YOU COME?

Oct 7, 1993

I'm not through it all yet! I'm in the thick of it now. Surrounding myself with those I hold dear. Making preparations for the demon's assault. Confrontation with the beast is inevitable & sure as I must.

I see you now, not there, out there
unmasked, undone, exposed naked as
the day you ~~drew~~ bar borne

You're not a nubian warrior, you're
not even a fighter Existing like a soulless
leech, feeding off the kindness, strength,
compassion and vulnerability of others

March 5th 1991

The age of Pieces - My ex, Mark (Anderson), Mark (Munica) (Ms New Orleans), my brother, 4 other sorrors and the list goes on.

A quarrier has come and gone until next year.

If you're down on Love

And I definitely have to be considered down on Love. I'm just about a mad breakthrough point. I've meet some one (2/17/91) who is nothing like him that excites me (I keep dry dreaming about past boyfriends and "where would I be with you now" dream). (Chicago with one, Detroit with another, New Orleans with My mardi Gras beau (what's his name) L A with The Jamaican E. Lloyd, Albany with Kenny, Atlanta with Mike).

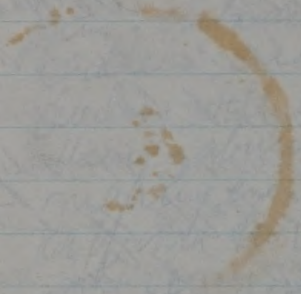
Just tripping!!

The road back ~~to~~ the otherside of Love. Crossing over resentment, pain, embarassment, suicidal tendencies and depressing. Still dealing with an overproctive heart. Using, abusing, hurting and making enemies. Wondering how or if and ~~on~~ when I'll reap what I've sown. ~~I~~ Hopefully its not true becauseby surely my life is destined to be a continuous cycle of ~~heart~~ a hurt and be hurt, use and be used, Love and Kill.

September 15, 1993

Lamarcus Boyd, Keith Brown, and myself meet to start a writing workshop. We did so without a tape recorder, against my better judgement. Our conversation drifted towards racism. Mainly because when I posed the question "What is the most pertinent issue as a black gay man" His response was that black heterosexual people are so intolerant of black Gays. From that point on the conversation drifted largely to issues around race.

Next week we will read essays about our expectations



On a thursday night
at an open mic
at a place just like this
I stood before the crowd
preparing to bring the truth
as I know it
You in plume and fear of recognition
retreated to the bathroom
rather than be smashed
by my words.

Hey brother don't turn away

Stood to disappear

Happy Birthday Aunt Tina

Love,

Please to Enjoyer

Rowing a river of turbulent water

I see an ocean of calm blue

Crossing dense jungle in the Amazon

I see the fresh cut grass of the village ahead

And no matter where I am, nor how hard times are, I shall never give in

Ahead is where one must look, things can only get better if you see them doing so

6-15-86

Tending the polls (poll stea)
for Kurtyce Cole
@ Morehouse College
Sitting watching
the closet girls

MS African princess
MS wannabe white, but my folks wanthaveit
MS Tea & sympathy - come by and fuck me later

1

April 17, 1991

So many different variations, all derived from one source. So many different ~~ways~~ forms of expression, all aimed @ expressing one idea. The social, economics and religious variations all help describe who these people are as well. Meandering souls searching for some type of identity. Some place to belong. They thought that by simply making the decision, or having the decision made for them, to ~~come~~ attend this institution would make them part of an elite few. That this would be their bond to connect them with their brothers. Brothers who are about something. Brothers who are creative, brothers who are leaders, brothers who are real, brothers who are sincere and honest, and most of all Brothers who are Brothers first and all other things secondary.

The door Slams shut! and they realize that they are part of an elite few? The mirror on the back of the door has broken and clearly reflects ~~the~~ picture here. You are a part of one clique or another. For the same idotic reson you are a member of a clique you do not interact with others. You see, you've closed your minds, your mouths and for some your hearts to your

brothers, Or for reasons far less petty than reasons white men gave for keeping us enslaved. So now you go out into society with your head held high. Tell everyone of the great experiences you had while earning this degree. I stand steadfast in my opion that you have but proven one thing. That is that Black men Loving Black men is the revolutionary act.

March 14, 1991

From birth we begin a struggle. A struggle to crawl from under the watchful eye of one person and into the eyesight of another. From the apron strings of mother, or grandmother, out into the world.

Our whole existence hinge upon the ability we have to learn. Learn to do what is necessary to survive in this society. To stay alive. And staying alive does not include being a black man. It must not, it can not include being a black man.

How could it include being a black man. Everything I know about being a black man says that death is definitely my end.

Mother raises us to be strong and beats the hell out us for being stubborn. She tells us that big boys don't cry, and slaps us tasteless for being insensitive. A constant conflict of ~~acts~~ what she

tells us and what she does to us.

We go out into the world and into school and are confronted with other young men. Young men who are already @ an advantage point that we will never reach — they're white.

We go back into the neighborhoods and burroughs and districts that gave us life to play. There we are faced with ~~or~~ the most painful reality of all. You are not black men because you dare to love the most beautiful, confused uptight group of people in this world. That's right! Black men who love black men cannot be men. Society does not permit it. We have to be punks, pissies, fuggots, dicksuckers! But one thing is for certain we can't just be black men.

155-3755

We entered this world small and helpless,
barely able to see and hear
We were sheltered and protected as we grew
So must we shelter and protect this Love we
share, for it is our child
Through the years there will be times when it
needs to be picked up and dusted off.
Protected from storms and hard times.

6-20-88

I had never dreamed that this maddness called
Love was an emotion as all encompassing as it is
It totally consumes the entire body, mind and
soul
Your whole existence in the hands of another
to control

5-31-88

We entered this world small and helpless, barely able to see and hear
We were sheltered and protected as we grew
So must we shelter and protect this Love we share, for it is our child
Through the years there will be times when it needs to be picked up and dusted off
Protected from storms and hard times.

6-20-88

I had never discovered that this maddness called Love was an emotion as all encompassing as it is
It totally consumes the entire body, mind and soul
Your whole existence in the hands of another
is control

5-31-88

Now in the mirror I see a totally different me
I see a me that is abloom with the ecstacy Love brings
I feel absolutely gorgeous, and I am, because of you
Loving You has made me a whole new person

5-31-88

5-31-88

When @ last I lay down and I am
no more
I can take with me the memory of a
Love I had
When the ashes of my remains are scattered
to the four winds
And the gentle breezes of spring carries
me to a thousand lands
The news of the Love we shared will
cover the land
It will bloom in fields of purple and Red,
Gold and green
Wild, like the flower I am, in full bloom
I shall have lived and died and the Love will
live on.

Karl

And time and time again I sit and
ask myself why? Why are you putting
yourself through this madness?
The answer, as senseless as it sounds,
is always the same
There is a warm place in your heart that
draws my need for warmth to you.
There are times when you possess me,
and I you
And you push me beyond that point I'm
willing to go, but I'm out of control
Even now as I write these words and
I think of the time we spend together,
the good times and simple spats.
Tears fill my eyes in amazement @ this
thing called Love and its totaly bewildering
power.
I prepare myself for those times ahead when
pain is more a comfort than feeling nothing
@ all, or even worse being without you,
and I'm frightened, but I'm willing to go
on - what a fool believes - then a fool
am I.

7/01/88

June 1, 88

In you I see a world I've always known,
have never experienced

So much Love, joy, and pain

Together there are so few things we
cannot accomplish

You are my strength and weakness
For as long as we are bound to
each other, there will be no others

I have no control over these matters,
my heart is in control

As long as it endures so shall I

Remember that my spirit is like the wind
Changing direction - but my heart is yours

So shall I love thee, until this Love is
no more are we.

Countless days and nights I lie in a state
of utter wonder @ all that has transpired
My heart and emotions answer to yours and
Suddenly without warning I am terrified
Terrified that I am no longer self centered
nor self serving
For you have succeeded @ something that even
I couldn't do; make me fall in Love
So weak am I and so vulnerable to the most
shallow of things
Jealousy, envy, distrust and empathy are
all emotions that accompany me now
Dispelling them from my mind will take time,
but gone they shall be
Be ever so gentle; the pain is constant
My heart has yet to stop adjusting dealing with
the intrusion of your Love

When @ last the heart has ceased to fight (which I
fear is never) the Loving will soar
And we will become as one - in total possession
of all that we have become together forever
And we shall grow old together, become wiser
and more in Love as the years go by.

Xarl

7/01/84

My body yearns for the touch
My soul cries out in agony
My mind carries me to a place where
I can cope with being without you

How long can I last without really
knowing you

Will you always be out of my grasp

Come this way, one day, some day
soon

11/16/91

Bring me the strength I give you
Let's recreate our bond and seal
it with unbridle passion
Take me, and do with me what you
will I'm yours for the asking
If forever is not in your minds
eye Then ~~Take~~ Bring me where you are
Now Sharing is part of caring

Silence - I no what it looks like

It resembles fear, hate, love and pain

The face of emotions run deep in the
guise of nothing less

As we lay there - I saw silence as emotional
pain that surrounded my heart in fear
Nothing being said ___Silence___
When the conversation did finally unwind
I prayed for silence to return
For all that I had felt and knew with my
heart was suddenly thrust into my face
Oh I wanted to cry - but I had gone
beyond that. Something has caused this
beautiful young black man to abandon
the voyage of life and settle for drifting.

The words tore @ my heart - they were
the truth - the hardest thing to accept.
Silence was his defense.

4/29/88

3/14/91

Although I am but one black man
in a large society where black men
are lowest on the totem pole.
My determination shall not be swayed
I will step @ nothing to achieve my goals

2-26-94

Here is where I want to be left, in the
presence of my emotions
With no where to hide, naked thrust into
the midst of feeling what is inevitable

You're standing alone now

Trying to balance the weight of the U no one knows and the man U love

There're not there anymore, are they jealous and envious, or do they think you're a fool

Do their eyes show what your heart will not let you?

Tattered and tainted you press on, a true survivor you are, never giving up until all hope is lost, or your heart's torn to shreads

You say you couldn't go on after the music stops

But U have inner rhythm and that's real dancers listen too

Could this be reality or this big bullshit called life? Or are they one in the same?

Tears the offerings of dreams shattered, heart broken and wounded spirits

Dear Mr. Hawking,

Thank you for your letter of the 21st of March
and the paper. I have

Maybe not. There may be. Are they [illegible]
and curious, or do they think [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

They can be of comfort and they will, but for whom will they be shed.

Give in to it all, let it consume U, you've come this far another inch will either make or break U

Your heart will not be satisfied with mediocrity

You are an extremist and that puts you in a class with few others.

8-1-88

8-1-88

April 23 91
Nov 21 88

And where is it now
Where has it gone
Left me without warning
Without cause or reason
Was I just too blind to see
Over this, will I ever be?
Do I want to be?
Come back to me, things would
be no different
Devastated, almost destroyed.
No longer a wallflower
Just a withered facsimile of
what once was

April 23 91
Nov 21 88

April 23 91
June 1 88

Out there away from reality,
Yet quite near
I envision you in a world that I
understand all too well
The moon shine brightly in hues
uncommon to the area
Blood Red, Midnight Blue, finally
Graveyard Grey
A new day begin Neither of us
have slept
Trampled sheets show signs of worry
The heart signs of undying Love

[redacted]

I'm searching desperately to find the answer to a problem that my heart already has the solution too.
Yet its so hard to let go. The pain has already filled my body, placing me in a state of total melancholy.
I know what needs to be done, but the consequences are just too great for me to handle.
I'm coping; Yes like I always do, but I fear if I do what I know is the right thing to do I will be devasted.
Then there's the other side of the coin if I do what is necessary to continue being the keeper of my heart - I will continually be used and look over. For he knows not matter what, I'll still be here.
Here in the midst of a stagnant pool of what is called Love, Pain, and grief - No happiness only intermitten intervals of contentment.

5-2-88

May 29, 91

So what the fuck is it that makes us want people who don't return the love we have for them. What is it that makes us feel more for them than we do for those we know Love us even more than we care for them. Is it that we consider that we cannot have a challenge, or are we masochist - do we have to have someone who can dominate us? Do we need a balance of Sadist and Masochist behavior. Being able to dominate and be submissive in a relationship so that neither partner manhood is threatned and ~~[illegible]~~ feminine nature explored.

F3

Some 4/29/88

Pain - an inevitable part of this irony called "Life"

As we live and grow pain is one of those things in life that is sure to be an experience we never become accustom to.

Be it physical, mental or emotional, pain is pain. Sometimes I wonder, what kind of pain is worst.

My conclusion - they are all the same - pain is pain - no pain - no gain!

Pain strengthens the weak and brings the strong to their knees. Yet I wonder with each day I live what am I the weak or strong.

I guess I like most somewhere in the middle

And I dislike most - somewhere out on a limb, getting off, being used ?!

#1

REWRITE 5/23/88
ORIG dtc 7/01/88

Countless days and nights I lie in a state of
utter wonder and awe @ all that has thus
far transpired
My heart and emotions answer to yours, and
suddenly without warning I am terrified
Terrified that I am ~~not~~ longer self-centered
nor self serving
For you have succeeded @ something that
even I could not do
Make me fall in Love
So weak am I and so vulnerable to the
most shallow of things
Jealously, envy, distrust, and empathy
are all emotions that accompany me now
Dispelling them from my mind will take
time, but gone they shall be
Be ever so gentle; the pain is constant
My heart has yet to stop adjusting
Dealing with the intrusion of your Love
is sometimes more than even I can ~~take~~

When @ last the heart has ceased to fight (which fear is never)
The Loving will soar and we will become as one - In
total possession of all that we have become together
forever We shall grow old together, becoming
wiser and more in Love as the years go by

Karl

June 1, 1988

In you I see a world I've always known, have never experienced
So much Love, Joy and pain
Together there are so few things we cannot accomplish.
You are my strength and weakness
For as long as we are bound to each other, there will be no ~~other~~
I have no control over these matters, my heart is in control.
As long as it endures so shall I
Remember that my spirit is like the wind
Changing direction - but my heart is yours.
So shall I love thee, until this Love is no more and no more are we.

MAY 4 '89

Smoke trickles upward and disperses into nothingness

Sitting, searching, trying to find a means, a way to that place

Concentration broken, recording time / place in history.

The atmosphere created to relax, instead calls forth the personal psyche.

Sacha different personae, much like a beast she is - a hound

9/6/84

I did not ask to come here,
but I am here
I did not ask to bear this burden,
but I bear it
Life has dealt me a hand to play
that I must
I have no choice to - it either play or
get caught somewhere between a senseless
game and a lie
Dealing with it was the first part of
the battle
Get it over and done with. Know
who I am and what I am
A major part of the battle over.
I search and find out who I am
& test my limitations and find out
who I am and where my heart
is.
Realizing that I'm OK, I start to
explore, first sexually then mentally
Another battle I almost won.

rewrite
silence
contradictory

And as I shed these tears
of joy by way of pain, I know.
I know what God's trick was in creating
the emotion. "Love," that is "the emotion".
The trick is; Love is mesmerizing, even
when it hurts. At least when you hurt
you have the courage to push
yourself on through it all. Because
faith in Time (God) you know things
can only get better. Part of the
wonder of Love is knowing that you
are capable of giving Love. That's the
hard part anybody can be Loved,
but not many of us can really give
it to it's every whim. But I know
Love has freed me. I'm in a land just
above the people and lingering below
the angles. Yet I'm still here on Earth.

MARCH 14 '91

I would like to take this pen and draw a picture that shows all the different emotions I feel @ this moment. The anger, the pain, the bewilderment, the joy and countless other emotions. ~~[illegible]~~ Yet a funny thought occured to me. All things have color to me. After ~~dap~~ dabbing red for anger, yellow for joy, blue for pain and grey for bewilderment the canvas would no longer be unfamiliar to me. ~~[illegible]~~. With all those colors smeared togeher my canvass would ~~[illegible]~~ be Black.

MAY 31, 1988

[redacted]

Now in the mirror I see a totally different me

I see a me that is ablaze with the ecstacy Love brings

I feel absolutely gorgeous, and I am, because of you.

Loving you has made me a whole new person.

May 9, 1988

And as I sit here in the confinements
of these four walls
Listening to the sound of the
rain
Gently falling from God's Heaven
@ one Moment
Violently deluging @ another
I'm reminded that much of life's
Situations are like this
Although I am confined within four
walls
There is still a doorway here
Times are often peaceful and it
seems as if nothing can go wrong
Just as easily as they can they
will.

There is a hole in my heart
from the hole, part of my me
soul has escaped
Part of the desire I have to live
some of my compassion for my
fellow man
And it has been replaced by nothing
The hurt that tore that part away from
me has left me with a empty hole
in my heart
I feel so bad I might as well be dead
I really feel nasty Like I may never
be the same.
I would have rather have taken an ass kickin
than feel like this
I'm so damn cold, so very cold
Where do I go from here
Which way do I turn
What's my next move
That it! There is nothing more to say
A part of me is dead.

I'm searching desperately to find the answer to a problem ~~that~~ that my heart already has the solution too.
Yet it's so hard to let go. The pain has already filled my body, placing me in a state of total restlessness.
I know what needs to be done, but the consequences are just too great for me to handle.
I'm coping - yes like I always do, but I fear if I do what I know is the right thing to do I will be devasted.
Then there's the other side of the coin if I do what is necessary to continue being the keeper of my heart - I will continually be used and looked over for he's known not matter what - I'll still be here.
Here in the midst of a stagnant pool of what is called Love pain and grief - no happiness only intermittent intervals of contentment.

5/02/88

MAY 1189

Release me from this bondage
Set free this desire to consume and
be consumed
Make comfortable those desires that
would shame you
Loose the monkey and let the
hound hunt free of the pack
Such shakles hinder the soul,
cripple the creative spirit.
Shake all that is moveable, let
the hunt begin.

Out there, away from reality
Yet quite real
I picture you in a world that I
understand all too well
The moon shines brightly in hues
maroon to the aria
Blood Red, Midnight Blue, finally
a pale and lifeless gray
A new day begins, neither of us have
slept.
Rumpled sheets show signs of worry
The heart, sign of undying Love disposed

Millers

7/14/9

The flame of life and all its mysteries.
The flame that reveals all and nothing.
To the knowing eye the flame holds the key, to the unknowing eye it holds whatever the mind desires.
Believe, believe in yourself, see with your heart and you shall receive the key.
See, See all that is good and justifiable with a clean soul, and you shall know.
You shall know how to comfort yourself when you're lonely, how to feed yourself when soul is hungry and satisfy things as meaningless as sexual desire.
Know the flame, and know that we are one of a very small group, who through the years have endured and live to tell the secret of the flame.

5-14-88

I wish I were weak enough to go on with this relationship, as it, But I'm not.

I wish I could go on watching you tear your future to shreads, but I can't

I wish that I could look through those deep dark eyes of yours

Seeing the world, this great nation, our state and even this city

knowing what pitiful shape they're in and never let it show on your face

I pray that one day something or someone will help you to see that there is beauty in sharing your life with another black man

I pray that one day you will realize that life is worth the living - to the fullest

And in spite of that has taken place between the two of us

I still Love You with all my Heart

And I want to be with you wherever you are.

This Love, its not realistic, its for dreamers

Those dreams have now turned into nightmares

There is still hope in me and I will continue to pray that one day we'll be together

4 Ever in my Dreams

KARL

Unless I RUN into MICHAEL JORDAN IN THE NEAR FUTURE. ☺

April 22 1991

Positivity Have you had your Positivity pills today — Positivity! (Prince)

All that I ~~~~ need and want from this forth I shall have I shall have that I need and want because I will have faith in the father from whom all blessings flow

I shall have that I need and want because I will Plan my ~~future~~ future and give all my goals my all I shall have that I need and want because (a all cost I will be a Black Gay man in the 90's reaching for not only the stars but galaxies I will let the depths of being be absorbed with knowledge, understanding, and caring for my fellow man

8/19/87

For the dearest most innocent part of me - I Love - with all my heart & believe - I believe in mankind and his abilities - but yet my faith doth still dwindle.

8/19/87

It has been a while since last my thirst for flesh was quenched. But it is this periode of overlapping that are bringing me closer to the realm of my 'true' self being. You see, during these time I became very agitated and bitchy, so to keep from running into the streets screaming like a madman I'm forced to retreat to the solace of my mind and immerse ~~the~~ myself. Therefore, knowing more and more about me.

The moon set full and Red this night
Brightening even the darkest African sky
A warrior, tall and strong made his way
through bush to answer a calling he never
knew he had
His destination reached; His prey found?
There he lay as the dawning hue of the
sky shone on that of his own
American, arogant, witty and brave
Conversation was short and decisive
"Have I not the qualities of a warrior as well.
As the Moon gave rise to the Zulu Dawn
They consumated a Love of strength
Neither had known.

7/6/88

Countless days and nights I lie
in a state of utter wonder and
at all ~~this~~ that has transpired
My heart and emotions answer to
yours and suddenly without warning
I am terrified
Terrified that I am no longer self-
Centered nor self serving
For you have succeded @ something that
even I couldn't not do
Make me fall in Love
So weak am I and so vulnerable to
the most shallow of things
Jealousy, envy, distrust and ~~em~~ sympathy
are all emotions that accompany me now
Dispeling them from my mind will take
time, but gone they shall be
Be ever so gentle; the pain is constant
My heart has yet to stop adjusting
Dealing with the intrusion of your Love
is sometimes more than even I can take

When @ last the heart has ceased to fight
(which I fear it never) the loving will soar
And we will become as one! — in total possession
of all that we have become together forever
And we shall grow old together, become wiser
and more in Love as the years go by Love

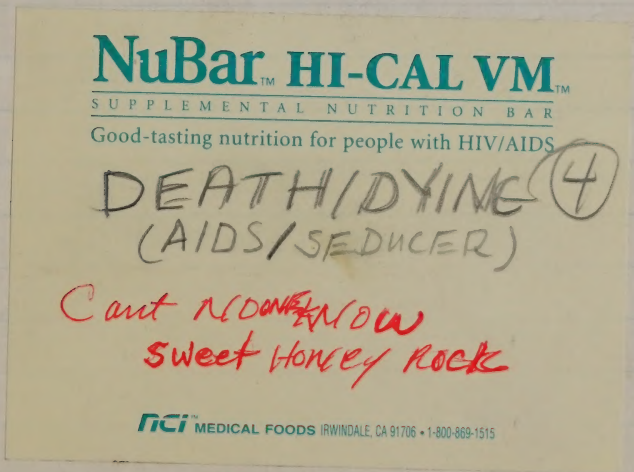
#4

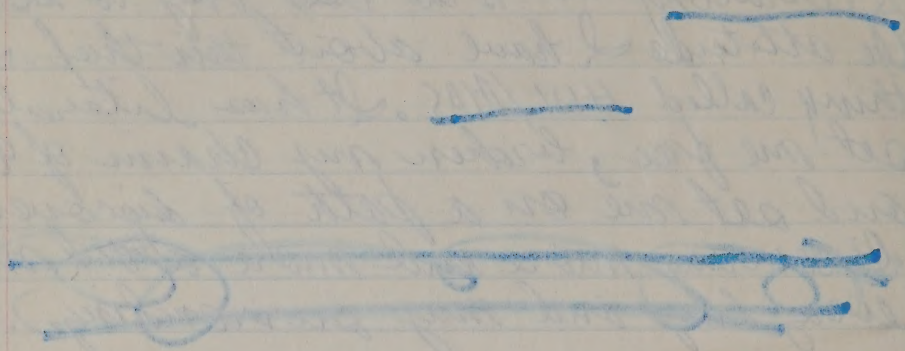
August 1894

Liberating → is the last way to describe the attitude I have about this thief. This thing called HIV/AIDS. It has literally set me free, broken my chains of bondage and set me on a path of discovery. ~~Discovering more and more about me~~ everyday and my surroundings.

Continue

WITCH 2





Q 10

~~Black Flesh / Silver Dust~~ 7/29/8

Why have you come to claim my soul this way. Loving me totally and without limitation. Maddening me through your character, letting the moon do the rest. Standing there ~~in its~~ under full glory. So bright and mysterious, as it reflects the lights of heaven. Black flesh and silver dust do a dance that takes the mind and captures the heart. The beast is set free, and she howls like a ~~wolf~~ stray after a kill. Come away, the air is damp and nature has set free her soldiers. The beast is calm now. From yet a few utterings of his breath. She sleeps now, and he will awaken in the morn.

Two Faces of Lrac

2/12/90

I see them everyday and everywhere
I grew up with them and I was raised
by him
I glow @ the sight of their glowing
ebony bodies
I can appreciate the many different
hues they come
They are all my brothers and some
gay sisters
I see them everyday and everywhere
I love them in every way and on
any given day
But do we love ourselves
Or are we such self haters that
we never really get to that point
Loving one another Brother - to Brother

Sometimes I feel like I have to take the weight off the world on my shoulders. All the suffering, sickness, shame and grief of mankind. Take away their ignorance and educate them. Replace their selfishness with concern for all. And most importantly make everybody's ideal of Love that of mine - A feeling everlasting, never fleeting, feeding the hungry, helping the blind see and the deaf hear. To be with one forever for always for Love.

The moon set full and Red this night

Brightening even the darkest African sky

A warrior, tall and strong made his way
through bush and brush to answer a calling
he never knew he had

His destination reached, his prey found?

There he lay, as the glowing hue of the sky
shone on that of his own. (afternoon sun setting)

American, arogant, witty and brave

Conversation was short and decisive

"Have I not the qualities of a warrior as well"

As the moon gave rise to the ZULU DAWN

They consumated a Love of strength neither
had known

The moon set full and red this night

Brightening over the dorsal African [illegible]

Aurorian, tall and strong made his way through bush and brush to answer a [illegible] he never knew he had

Idea destination reached, he prey found?

Here he lay, as the glowing hue of the sky alone on that of his own.

Chinian, arrogant, witty and brave

Conversation was short and decisive

"Have I not the qualities of a warrior [illegible]

As the moon gave rise to the ZULU DAWN

They consumated a Love of strength rather had known

2/19/82

Oh. How I long to roam free
over the vast lands of this great Country,
soaring over land high and low, learning,
experiencing, witnessing, tasting the life
that I dream about, the life that is a
part of my fondest fantasy, the life that
has a unique quality, but the life that
I won't be ashamed of, once that it has been
understood that it is the life I enjoy living,
the life that shows me what it is to loved
strongly and sternly, the life that shows
me what it is to be an artist.

mdm.

6/31/81

Living Life in Box, scared to rip on the top and let people see what's inside, scared to show the world that you are still well and able to functioning as a human being even though you different.

* To be young gifted and Black
The Essence of Love
The Difficult Lush of Being a Teenager

"The wonder is not that so many Negro boys and girls are ruined but that so many survive"

And so doth life go on forever aimlessly
dishing one catastrophe after the other
Forcing you to deal with times that are trying,
people who are uncaring, and jobs that are unsatisfying
You look into the mirror and you ask yourself, Why?
Realizing that your situation is no worse or better
than anyone else's you know
Pick up the pieces to this meandering puzzle this
irony called life and get on with it.
Stretching one hand to the heavens, which is where
the creator is said to be, the other over my
heart, which is where it exist for me.

I cry out in a plea for a compassionate listener "Oh Father, hear me now!" I need you Lord!

Then as I catch myself, I look around and see there's no one here but me. Confused I end my prayer resembling a schizophrenic fit.

"Never forsake me Lord, and be patient with me, I'm still learning, but I do believe."

8/1/88/-8/3/88

And as I sit here in the confinement
of these four walls

Listening to the sound of the rain, gently
falling from God's heaven @ one moment
Violently deluging @ another

I'm reminded that much of life's situations
are like this

Although I am confined within four walls
there is still a doorway here

Times are often peaceful and it seems as
if nothing can go wrong
Just as suredly as they can they will.

5-10-88

Dear Father, 7/08/88

Thank you for the gift of breath this day. No one day is promised to us, and while my soul and heart may feel empty and desolate - I feel quite the contrary. The pain has gotten a little worse in some places and others have ceased or even gotten worse. I keep trying to find ways for Kenny and I to keep something going between the two of us, but it seems no matter what I try, it always comes out disappointment. The thought of him laying in someone elses arms just sends chills up my spine. The pain is so great it almost cripples - but through this storm I shall make it one way or another

7/25/89

The month is long hot and
rainy. The latter two mix to make
it humid and gives me this terrible sex
drive. I continue to make efforts to exclude
Kenny from my life and it continually gets
harder and harder to do. I always end up getting
weak and giving in. Inviting him over and eventually
ending up in bed. Feeling terrible afterwards in
~~with~~ what's driving me crazy. So if it's to
be done it has to be now. I'm so feel of hurt,
and betrayal until it's the only thing that
keeps me away from him. My need to be
satisfied sexually is what keeps me coming
back to him. Making choices about sexual partners
is very hard for me to do. The few times I've
taken risk I haven't even taken precautions
luckily I've never really got down. But I took
enough chances. I really want a lover with
whom I can start building a future with.
The chances of finding one here is next to
impossible.

7/28/89

I'm faced with a serious dilema. A decision must be made, and it must be made quickly. If I decide to keep seeing Kenny that are a lot of stipulations I must make, but on the other hand if I decide not to see him anymore, then I must adhere to that @ all time and not give in.

Where is it that life leaves you after a failed Love affair? What is this placed called? There is nothing here but memories, joyful and painful. An existence of nothing less than heartstrings that have been torn to shreads.

Pain - an inevitable part of this irony called Life

As we live and grow pain is one of those things in life that is sure to be an experience we never become accustom to

Be it physical, mental or emotional, pain is pain

Sometimes I wonder what kind of pain is worst

My conclusion, they are all the same, pain is pain, no pain, no gain.

Pain strengthens the weak and brings the strong to their knees

Yet I wonder with each day I live - what am I the weak or strong

I guess I'm like most somewhere in the middle

And unlike most somewhere out on a limb getting off on being used.

4-29-00

You come to me seeking pleasure
Instead you find Love and an
undying need to be Loved

Overcome by the depth of my giving
You give in to that you fear

Feeding in a frenzy of ecstacy, we taste
the fruits of two bodies intertwined in
the throngs of passion

Frightened by the flow of emotions you retreat

Visiting me when I am weakest making promises
you think you will keep

Out there you are tempted by those things I hate
most

Punishing me for pain I never caused

Here I lay hurt, confussed, worried, and alone

5-06-88

May. 1189

Darkness surrounds me, like a million hands of those who wish me harm.

Solitude and prayer are my only means of escape

No air, can't see, No sounds being heard, drowning in a stagnant pool of reality

Forever dreaming trying to chase away these tormented souls beckoning me to their aid

The voices they call out to me so loudly, @ the oddest time

Please! I am not the one for such a task, ask another

They do not hear me, or do they? And dont oblige me

A trillion fingers thrust down my throat, speak for those before and yet to come

Oh! How I long to roam free, over the vast lands of this great country. Soaring over lands low and high, learning, experiencing witnessing, tasting the life that I dream about. The life that is a part of my fondest fantasies, the life that has a unique quality. The life that I will not be ashamed of, once it has been understood as the life I enjoy living. The life that shows me what it is to be loved strongly and eternly, the life that shows me what it is to be a man.

12/15/85 rewrote

Sometime, I sit alone, unscrambling my emotions, getting back to me after all the events of a day. And I look into the mirror. I see a beautiful person. I realize I like me. I'm loving, caring, sympathetic, devious, sometime ruthless, intelligent and I even have a sense of humor. You see, I too am human.

JAN 7

The dawn caught me unaware
Its approach I sensed deep in my
bones. Yet it stealthy came upon
me before I had a chance to
reach my ~~hidding~~ resting place.
Its assault was swift
My skin boiled ~~and~~ my breath clouded
the air with the smell of death
I could see the path leading to my
safe haven
The lid clearly rose & I summoned
it. Calling on all the forces of darkness
to aid me
I transformed my ~~quickly~~ burning body ~~[illegible]~~
into ~~[illegible]~~ nightwing
Taking flight immediately after transformation
My resting place ~~found~~ reached
A cry of victory releases from my throat
familiar soil warms centuries old
flash
The Master is safe

Aug 11 94

I wanted you in my life forever

I wanted you in my ass forever in my life

Wanted to feel your flesh taste your flesh smell your flesh

Taken in all those aromas each part of you offered

I wanted the sweat from our bodies dripping between us soaking the sheets in patches where we'd ~~lain~~ layed

I wanted your dick in my mouth forever in my life

Wanted the ~~cum~~ of your balls traveling to remote corners of my brain for storage

Awakening even further a very primal instinct for the pleasure ~~of~~ these acts will bring

I wanted our come stained nakedness facing one another grappling for more and never tiring

I did not ask to come here, but I am here
I did not ask to bear this burden, but I bear it
Life has dealt me a hand to play that I must

I have no choice to - it's either play or get caught
somewhere between a senseless game and a lie
Dealing with it was the first part of the battle

That's over and done with I know who I am and
what I am
A major part of the battle over.
I search the "who" and the what, testing their
limitations as I go
Finding out where my head is, another
battle won.
Realizing that I'm OK, I start to experiment
first mentally then physically, another battle
almost won

9-05-88

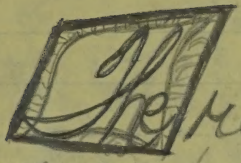
I did not ask to come here, but I am here
I did not ask to bear this burden, but I bear it
Life has dealt me a hand to play that I must

I have no choice to - it either play or get caught
somewhere between a pensiveness game and a lie
Feeling with it was the first part of the battle

Nada over and done with I know who I am and
what I am
A major part of the battle over.
I search the "who" and the what, testing their
limitations as I go
Finding out where my head is, another
battle won.
Realizing that I'm OK, I start to experiment
first mentally then perceptually, another battle
almost won

9-05-88

Feb 23, 89



The room is dimly lit. What light there is, from the fireplace gently dancing, reflects upon the flesh of the two bodies lieing half exposed atop tossled covers. One with cigarette in hand, the other with ashtray on Chest.

10/12/88

My life is in a state of upheaval. Change is the only constant for me now. My memories of Kenny are still very much a part of what motivates me. They are still filled with longing, loving and desire. I will hang on to them for as long as I'm able to do so. In time they will take a back seat to others, but for now they are all I have. Sometimes I sit and stare off into space and I think of him and I pray he feels that I need him and he'll call - but he never does.

May 23rd 88

Today, just like any other Monday was a day day for me. But it was also the first day in the start of a new life for me. So to speak. We moved all weekend, and we still have a lot more work to be done. But I'm here, Niki here and yes, Kenny's here. I'm happy.

8/19/88

It seems that whenever things get tough, the tough get going. This seem seem to be the case with me. I've been contemplating moving back to Atlanta to stay with Leroy, and to try one more time to get it together with my life. But I'm not alone - I have a Lover. I love him deeply, and this move would put too much strain on our ~~relationship~~ @ this point, this very crucial point in our lives together. We worked so hard @ getting Kenny to get his self-worth and sense of being back up to par. He left crack behind him (& hope for good), he's working, and most of all were more comfortable loving each other than we ever have been. So a move would mean a lot of longing for, and loneliness - which can lead to nothing but trouble. I really think that my best bet would be to stay here stick it out get my papers and think about the rest later.

Last night & this morning was beautiful! Almost unbelievable. I had dreamed of it being that good - a couple of times before it was, but this was something very special. As our hearts pounded and our pulse raced - our bodies were joined for a most perfect union. My mind was with me, but where? I wasn't here on earth that's for sure. For never have I known the things I saw and felt last night to occur here on earth.

10/20/86

Sometimes the sorrow in remembering what was once the driving force in my life has deserted me, is enough to cripple. Yet the pain is but a stepping stone in recovering. I can think of nothing else but him, because I Love him so ~~totally~~ wholely and without condition. My heart races as the millions of ideas clouds it, confusing me, and I ~~still~~ I go on day after day dealing with it as best I know how. Why? Why doesn't he just call and say "Hi", "I just called to see how you were" or "I just called to hear your voice."